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FOR

THE BOARD & EDUCATION

OF YOUNG LADIES,

WELLINGTON LODGE, AYR.

Miss Agnes Brown

1st PRIZE, in

English Literature &

History.

Session, 1884-5.



Susan M. Carmi

IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD M. HALL STURGEON

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In Memoriam

SUSAN M. (PAGE) CURRIER

1838 - 1910

“ Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.”

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

1912

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*God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.*

—WHITTIER.

SUSAN M. (PAGE) CURRIER.

SUSAN MARIA PAGE, eldest daughter of David Perkins and Susan Maria (Lunt) Page, was born July 15, 1838, in that part of Newbury, Mass., which is now included within the limits of the city of Newburyport. Her mother, a lineal descendant of one of the early settlers of Newbury, was the daughter of Capt. Micajah and Sarah (Giddings) Lunt, and her father, born in Epping, N. H., July 4, 1810, was the youngest son of Nathan and Sarah (Perkins) Page.

When only eighteen or nineteen years of age, young Page came to Newbury and, during the winter months, taught a district school at Byfield and afterwards a private school on Green street in Newburyport. In March, 1832, he was principal of the English department of the Newburyport high school, and in December of that year married Susan Maria Lunt.

At that date John G. Whittier was a strong and vigorous supporter of the anti-slavery cause and deeply interested in the organization and development of the Liberty party. In 1844, he was editor of the "Middlesex Standard," a newspaper published in Lowell, Mass. While residing in that city Whittier wrote and sent by the hand of a mutual friend, Mr. B. F. S. Griffin, the

following letter, addressed to "David P. Page, Esq., Newbury" :—

LOWELL, 29th, 8th mo., 1844.

Dear Friend :

The period being near at hand for nominating a Liberty candidate for Congress in this District I take the liberty to enquire of thee whether, in case thy name should be presented to the electors of a convention, thee would feel under the necessity of declining to allow us the use of it. No person in the District would obtain so large a vote as thyself ; there is no one who could so certainly unite the votes of all who are dissatisfied with the pro-slavery position of the Whig and Democratic parties.

I do sincerely hope thee will be willing to permit thy name to be presented to the public. We can give thee 2,000 votes. We have two Liberty papers now in the District ; we are well organized and only need such a candidate as thyself to ensure our ultimate triumph. For the slave's sake, for the sake of the great principles of Liberty, let me beg of thee not to decide hastily against us. This letter will be handed thee by our friend Griffin, who will be able to give thee all the information needed in reference to this request.

Very truly thy friend,
J. G. WHITTIER.

Replying to this urgent appeal for the use of his name, Mr. Page wrote as follows :—

NEWBURY, Sept. 9th, 1844.

Dear Sir,

Your favor of the 29th ult. gave me no little surprise. I have only time to say in reply to the proposition it contains that I *cannot for one moment consent that such use should be made of my name as you propose.*

I have been in the habit of considering my profession the highest in which, with present qualifications, I could

engage ; and while I continue in it, my mind must never be distracted by the strife of a political canvass. For the present, therefore, I cannot consent to take a more prominent place than is implied in the exercise of my right of suffrage.

Please accept my thanks for the numbers of your paper you have been pleased to send me ; and also be assured of my personal regard for yourself and my high esteem for the motives by which you are actuated.

Your friend,
D. P. PAGE.

At that date, Mr. Page owned the dwelling house, in which he resided, on the southwesterly side of High street, near the head of Lime street, in the town of Newbury, Mass.¹ In November, 1844, he accepted an invitation to take charge of the State Normal school at Albany, N. Y., and in the month of December following removed, with his family, to that city, where he remained until his death, January 1, 1848.

His widow, with two sons and two daughters,—David P. Page, jr., born August 13, 1836 ; Susan Maria Page, born July 15, 1838 ; Mary Lunt Page, born September 22, 1842 ; and Henry Titcomb Page, born January 30, 1846, —returned to Newbury and resumed housekeeping, living in the old house near the head of Lime street until 1852, when she decided to remove to Thetford, Vt., where a married sister resided and her children could be educated at the private academy in that town.

In 1853, her oldest son, David P. Page, jr., anxious to prepare himself for a seafaring life, sought and obtained permission to sail in the ship *Castillian* on a voyage from

¹ "Ould Newbury : " Historical and Biographical Sketches, page 138.

New York to San Francisco, thence to the Chincha islands, and then, with a cargo of guano, to a port of discharge on the continent of Europe. Three or four years later Mrs. Page found her residence in Vermont somewhat inconvenient and returned with her children to her old home in Newbury, which, in the meantime, had been annexed to, and made a part of, the city of Newburyport.

At the beginning of the Civil war, David P. Page, jr., was an experienced sea-captain in command of the ship *Inez*. In December, 1863, he was appointed acting ensign in the naval service of the United States and later was acting master of the *Wateree* on her voyage from New York, around Cape Horn, to the Pacific coast. He married, December 5, 1867, Emily Caroline, daughter of Rufus and Caroline (Perkins) Wills, and for several years after that date was captain of the merchant ship *Josiah L. Hale*, engaged in the East India trade. He died in Newburyport January 23, 1874, leaving a widow and two sons, David P. and Rufus W. Page.

Mary Lunt Page married, November 13, 1866, William S. Coffin. She died January 13, 1879, leaving a husband, one daughter, Susan Maria Coffin, who married George H. Anderson June 9, 1893, and three sons, William Page Coffin, who died June 7, 1891, Henry Fitch Coffin, who died August 19, 1891, and David Page Coffin, who is still living.

Henry Titcomb Page, with an inherited love of the sea, decided to leave school at a very early age and begin life as an ordinary seaman. After several voyages to Europe and the East Indies in a merchant ship, when only fifteen or sixteen years old, he entered the United States naval service in 1863 and was acting ensign on board the *Flor-*

ida, the Peterhoff and the Mohican during the Civil war, and subsequently became part owner and manufacturing agent of the Wheelwright Paper Company in Fitchburg, Mass. June 23, 1869, he married Margaret Allen, daughter of William H. and Mary (Allen) Brewster of Newburyport, and died in Fitchburg September 23, 1911, leaving a widow and one son, William Brewster Page, who married, December 10, 1902, Mary Hayes Huse, daughter of William H. and Laura A. Huse.

Susan Maria Page, sister of David Perkins, Mary Lunt and Henry Titcomb Page, when only four years of age, attended a private school, kept by Miss Martha Gerrish, in a dwelling house on High street, near the head of Federal street, and at that early age learned to read words of one syllable and sing a few of the songs familiar to childhood.

Two years later she was a pupil in one of the primary schools in the city of Albany, N. Y. After her return to Massachusetts she attended the Newbury high school for twelve or eighteen months, and completed her education in a private academy at Thetford, Vt. In the neighboring town of Peacham, in that state, she taught a district school for six or eight months, and in 1857 returned with her mother, sister and brothers to Newburyport, where she lived in the old homestead, occupied with household cares and duties, until her marriage, in 1868.

Young, sprightly and vivacious, she enjoyed society and enlivened the small social parties she attended with the bright scintillations of her wit. Walking, skating, coasting, sleigh riding and similar out-of-door sports were especially attractive to her in early life, and although ex-

tremely sensitive to climatic changes, taking cold easily, she was always bright and cheerful under the most depressing circumstances, and seldom complained of ill health even when suffering severely from neuralgia or a sudden and violent attack of nervous headache. Her step was elastic, her eye quick to see the absurdities and follies of human life, and her ear to catch the point of an obscure remark or sparkling repartee.

During the Civil war she frequently visited her aunt, Mary Coffin Lunt, wife of Rev. Eleazar Thompson Fitch, professor of divinity in Yale college, and while in New Haven had the pleasure of meeting many of the men and women prominent in the social and intellectual life of that city.

Reverend Doctor Fitch conducted morning and evening service and preached every Sunday in the college chapel for thirty-five years. Timothy Dwight, in his "Memo-ries of Yale Life and Men," wrote of him as follows :—

He was certainly, in his mental gifts, one of the most remarkable men whom the College Faculty has ever had in the circle of its membership. He was a theologian, a metaphysician, a preacher, a poet and a musician. He also possessed rare mechanical skill, and was a lover of nature in no ordinary degree. Considered in the full measure and the variety of his powers, he had no superior among the eminent scholars and teachers who were associated with him.

Donald G. Mitchell ("Ike Marvel"), a graduate of Yale college, attended service in the chapel one Sunday, after an absence of several years, and on page two hundred and forty-three of "Reveries of a Bachelor" gives the

following description of Reverend Doctor Fitch's sermon on that occasion :—

There was a pleasure, like the pleasure of dreaming about forgotten joys, in listening to the Doctor's sermon. He began in the same half-embarrassed, half-awkward way, and fumbled at his Bible leaves and the poor pinched cushion as he did long before. But as he went on with his rusty and polemic vigor, the poetry within him would now and then warm his soul into a burst of fervid eloquence, his face would glow, his hand tremble, and the cushion and the Bible leaves be all forgot, in the glow of his thought, until, with half a cough, and a pinch at the cushion, he fell back into his strong, but tread-mill argumentation.

Mrs. Fitch usually attended service in the college chapel, but her niece occasionally occupied a seat in Trinity Church (New Haven), and soon became interested in the Episcopal form of worship and in the Book of Common Prayer. After her return to Newburyport she was confirmed in St. Paul's Church, June 15, 1862, by the Right-Reverend Bishop Eastburn, and from that date until her death was a sincere and devout communicant of that church. For many years she was a teacher in the Sunday school, and afterwards a member of St. Monica's Chapter, of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, of the Altar Guild and other societies organized to promote and strengthen the social and religious life of the parish.

Invited to visit Roxbury, now a part of the city of Boston, she went there, with her mother, in November, 1866, to assist in the care and management of five small children while their parents were in the south of France with a son who died in Mentone, a few months later, of

hemorrhage of the lungs. Devoting herself to the comfort and happiness of these young children, she so impressed them with her kindness and sympathy, that days, weeks and months passed quickly by, leaving only pleasant recollections of the stories told for their entertainment and the games they had enjoyed together. The remembrance of these and other incidents of this prolonged visit was a constant source of pleasure and delight that neither the flight of time nor long separation could wholly obscure or even partially obliterate.

In February, 1868, she became engaged, and, on the thirtieth day of June following, married John J. Currier of Newburyport, in St. Paul's Church, Rev. John Crocker White officiating. After an enjoyable trip to Montreal, Quebec, Niagara Falls, Lake George, Lake Champlain and other places of interest, she returned to Newburyport and began housekeeping in the three-story brick dwelling house numbered two hundred and eight on High street, corner of Buck street, where she lived, quietly and happily, until October, 1871, when the Chickering house, numbered seventy-three on High street, was purchased. With her husband and mother, she occupied the old homestead, numbered fifty-three on High street, formerly owned by her father, David P. Page, while repairs were being made on the Chickering house, to which she removed October 1, 1872.

Domestic in her tastes and habits, she became strongly attached to her new home and loved to walk in the garden that she had planned and planted with flowering shrubs and vines. When sweet peas and roses were in

bloom she sent great bunches of them to friends who could appreciate and enjoy them, and gathered every day a bountiful supply of pansies or poppies for the decoration of her dining-room table.

“She loved the spot, and every day
She watched the roses grow,
The scarlet poppies seemed so gay,—
But that was long ago.

“To-day, the flowers no one tends
Are here because of her,
A garden full of faithful friends,
Without a gardener.”

She was fond of traveling by land or water, and early in her married life made several short voyages in sailing ships, with occasional trips overland to places of interest in New England and elsewhere.

In July, 1873, she sailed in the ship *Victoria* from Newburyport for St. John, N. B., with a party of friends, and, subsequently, in a spacious and well-equipped steamboat went up the St. John river to Frederickton and thence by stage and railroad to Bangor, Camden and Bar Harbor, returning by way of Rockland and Portland to Newburyport.

In August, 1875, in company with her husband, Miss Ellen J. Poore, Capt. James H. Stanley and wife, Rev. George D. Johnson, Frederick S. Moseley, Col. Edward O. Shepard and others she sailed in the ship *Big Bonanza* from Newburyport to New York, and on the way home stopped at Newport, R. I., to see something of the fashionable life at that famous summer resort.

In October, 1876, she was in Philadelphia and improved the opportunity to visit the Centennial exhibition

and examine the beautiful specimens of pottery, tapestry, silverware and art furniture displayed there, devoting much time to the study of foreign laces, textile fabrics and Bohemian glass-ware.

Her oldest brother, David Perkins Page, jr., died in January, 1874, and in February, 1878, she was deeply afflicted by the death of her mother. January 13, 1879 her sister, Mary (Page) Coffin, died, leaving a husband, three sons and one daughter.

After consultation with friends and relatives, Mrs. Currier decided to take two of her sister's children—Susan Maria Coffin, born June 2, 1872, and David Page Coffin, born December 16, 1875,—to her own home, and give them the care and attention necessary to prepare them for the duties and responsibilities of life. To this work she devoted herself with unwearied love and affection, watching over them when disease or danger threatened, and sharing with them as far as possible the joys and sorrows of childhood.

With these children, her husband and a few personal friends, she sailed from Newburyport, in the ship Mary L. Cushing for Boston and thence for Philadelphia, in June, 1883, and on her way home overland stopped for a brief visit in New York. The details and incidents of this journey were recorded in her diary with a brief descriptive account of the places visited and the scenes that interested her, but are not of sufficient importance to be reproduced here.

Although she wrote in this diary every day, for twenty-five or thirty years, a few lines relating to her own personal affairs and household duties, she did not venture to

record her impressions of passing events or comment on the important or unimportant occurrences of her daily life. Occasionally, however, she gave expression to some thought, full of love and devotion, that could not easily be repressed. On the last day of December, in 1883, she wrote as follows:—

I cannot realize that this is the last day of the year; that it closes my little diary which has in it so much of my own life and the lives of my friends. The year has been a peaceful and happy one, and I thought, when our rector said in his sermon yesterday, that no one, probably, would wish to live the year over again, that I would be willing to, for it has been a happy one to me. Of course, I have made mistakes and done many things I should not have done, but even with this experience I doubt if I should do any better, if allowed to live the year over again. I have had many things to worry me, but one must expect them in this life, and if we do not look for them they will certainly come to harass and annoy us.

I wish I could feel that I was better for the year's experience and had done more good for, and to, others. I am thankful that we have all been spared to the close of another year; that we have had no serious sickness and no misfortunes or disasters to trouble us. How grateful we ought to be for all these favors.

God grant that in the coming year we may improve the opportunities we have wasted in the one just going and that we may try to lead better lives; be more patient, conciliatory and kind, and all—my dear husband, children and friends—be spared to record at the close of another year our grateful sense of the goodness of God to us all.

May He give us strength for every duty, courage and endurance for every unseen trial and so bring us in peace at last to our eternal home.

At this time Mrs. Currier was in good health, active, energetic and free to follow her own inclinations. She

unusual sights. On one occasion, a solemn and stately funeral procession attracted her attention, of which she gave the following description :—

This evening (March 12, 1897) we noticed great crowds of people on the bridge just below our windows and could not imagine what it meant. The street on the other side of the Arno was also lined with people. After a while we learned that a funeral procession was expected to pass the house early in the evening. It was then late in the afternoon and after dark the crowds increased. I took our parlor lamp into an ante-room, and by-and-by out of the Via Bardi we saw numbers of twinkling lights, coming across the bridge. It was a perfectly lovely sight : there were four bands in attendance, all with lights, and the body was borne by the members of the *Misericordia* who dress, as you know, in a long black robe covering their heads, with only two slits for the eyes, so that it is almost impossible for their nearest friends to recognize them. The man who had died was an old composer of music, nearly ninety years of age, and the casket was loaded with flowers. We could see in the light of the torches a crown made entirely of violets, perfectly enormous, as all floral emblems are. Preceding the body was a large company of priests in their robes and last of all came the hearse, also loaded with flowers. The *Misericordia* were carrying the body to the church, as they always do when the deceased person is one of the brotherhood, and after mass there he was taken in the hearse to the cemetery. We were told that funerals here are always at night, which seems a strange custom, but you can have no idea how lovely the effect was coming over the bridge,—the torches reflected in the water, for every member of the four bands had torches, as well as the priests and the *Misericordia*. We have seen many interesting sights here, but this was one of the most picturesque. In Rome, we saw many funerals, but they were in the day time.

After driving, in the month of April, to Bellosguardo, a high hill in the outskirts of the city, to obtain an unobstructed view of the surrounding country, her love of nature found expression in a long and appreciative letter, from which the following brief extract is taken :—

I have seldom enjoyed a drive so much : everything looks brilliant and spring-like now ; flowers are everywhere, roses, lilacs and wisteria hang over every wall and beautiful little Banksia roses, both white and yellow, are climbing everywhere. Their lovely graceful branches are covered with flowers and extend in every direction. I hope, sometime, I shall have a Banksia rose bush in my garden, it is such a sturdy climber and blossoms so freely. I have never seen these beautiful roses before, but I am told they can be grown almost anywhere in the United States. . . . I have been reminded today of the drives you and I have been accustomed to take early in June, when the apple trees are in bloom and the air fragrant with the perfume of flowers. The country here is charming and the view from the hill tops is magnificent, but I miss the scenes familiar to me from childhood and can truly say, "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, my heart untravelled fondly turns to thee," my own dear native land.

While in Florence she enjoyed meeting old friends who happened to be in that city during her stay there. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff Lockwood of Binghamton, N. Y., then on their way to Constantinople and Egypt, Mrs. Augusta M. Tyler, widow of John E. Tyler of Boston, Miss Harriet Denny and Miss Mary Groom Denny of Brookline, Mass., Mrs. Harriet H. Walworth, sister of Dr. Francis A. Howe of Newburyport, with her niece Miss Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Lee, with several friends and relatives, from Salem, Frederick S.

Moseley, esq., of Boston, who was on his way to Venice and Switzerland, and Dr. John M. Hills and wife of New York city, who were returning from a long and interesting trip up the Nile.

Early in April, she went by way of Bologna to Venice, remaining there four or five weeks. On the twenty-eighth of that month elaborate exercises were held at the opening of the Italian exposition by the Prince and Princess of Naples, who were escorted down the Grand canal to the royal palace by a multitude of gondolas and gondoliers. Concerning this magnificent display and other beautiful sights that attracted her attention in Venice she wrote as follows:—

I never dreamed that anything could be so lovely. The gondolas were decorated with flags of every nationality, in every variety of color, and the gondoliers, sometimes eight or ten in a boat, were dressed in pink, purple, green, orange and other bright colored costumes. I never saw, until today, such a gorgeous sight.

There is no place in all the world like the Piazza San Marco. No picture can do it justice: all attempts at description fail. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Chioggia is a small town on one of the islands near Venice. It has an unusually wide street, with a broad canal, crowded with fishing boats, whose sails are the most picturesque things you ever saw, bright red, pale yellow, deep orange and other brilliant colors. With the blue sky for a background they are exceedingly interesting and attractive.

I was thinking this morning about the beautiful things and places I have seen. It is wonderful that so much

pleasure should have come to me. Venice stands out very prominently for beauty and loveliness: the little side canals are so attractive, and the gondolas so comfortable and noiseless, with nothing to break the silence save the dipping of the oar as you glide along, or the warning cry of the gondolier as he turns a sharp angle in one of the narrow canals. It is a most picturesque place and unlike anything else in the world, I am sure.

On the fifteenth of May, she was delighted to meet an old friend, Moorfield Storey, esq., of Boston, who, with his wife and family, were in Venice on their way to Switzerland. With them she visited San Marco and other places of interest, and a few days later bade them "good bye" as she was leaving for Milan, on her way to Lugano, Domolossolo, Brieg and Geneva, where she arrived on the fourth of June following, having enjoyed exceedingly the ride over the St. Gothard and Simplon passes. In a letter to a friend at home, she wrote:—

I am thankful that I have had a favorable opportunity to go over these two wonderful mountain passes. The roads were so smooth and well graded that I did not realize that we had reached the limits of vegetation, where only a hardy kind of rhododendron was growing, until we began to descend and caught a glimpse, now and then, of the beautiful valley below. The scenery was magnificent and I secured photographs of many of the beautiful places on the way.

From Geneva, Mrs. Wheelwright and Mrs. Currier went to Aix les Bains, where they remained a week or ten days, making frequent excursions to the high hills in the vicinity in company with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wheelwright, jr., of Glen Road, Jamaica Plain, who, by

the advice of a physician, were taking the sulphur waters and baths at that famous resort.

Returning to Geneva, the beauty and abundance of the wild flowers growing in the fields and by the roadside attracted the attention of the travelers, and Mrs. Currier, in her diary, described them as follows:—

There were two kinds of *Scabiosa*, or mourning bride, of which I am so fond and take such pains to cultivate in my garden every summer, growing in profusion; also sweet williams, white and yellow daisies, blue *salvia* and many other flowers that I had never seen before.

The journey from Geneva to Fribourg, Berne, over the Wengern Alp to Grindlewald and thence to Interlaken and Lucerne, was exceedingly interesting and thoroughly enjoyed.

On the fifteenth of July, with two friends, Miss Mary T. Wills of Newburyport and Mrs. Anna (Caldwell) Sargent of Newton, Mass., who had come to Lucerne a week previously, Mrs. Wheelwright and Mrs. Currier went to Strasburg, Heidelberg, Cologne, Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp and Brussels, arriving in Paris on the first day of August. There they remained for three or four weeks, busily engaged in seeing the sights of that fascinating city. The Bois de Boulogne, Versailles and Fontainebleau were unusually attractive at that season of the year, and friends, residing temporarily in Paris, accompanied them to these famous resorts. Edwin Sherrill Dodge of Newburyport, a student in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, was especially kind and polite to them during their stay in the city.

Leaving Paris on the twenty-fifth of August, Mrs. Wheelwright and Mrs. Currier went to London, by way

of Calais and Dover, and two weeks later visited Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth castle and Bath. The quaint old houses, the famous hot springs, the great pump-room, where the heroes and heroines, described by Jane Austen, were supposed to meet a century ago, detained them in the city of Bath until they were obliged to leave for Salisbury, on the fourteenth of September, in order to see the cathedral and attend morning service there the following day.

The green, grassy lawn that surrounded the stately edifice, impressed them with its beauty and loveliness, while the cathedral spire, with the cloisters and chapter house adjoining, gave grace and dignity to the most magnificent specimen of church architecture they had seen in England. Within its walls they found many ancient monuments and elaborately carved stone pillars sustaining a vaulted roof that echoed and re-echoed with angelic music when the psalter and *Te Deum* were sung.

A ride of eight or ten miles from Salisbury brought them to Stonehenge, where the Druids are supposed to have built a temple two thousand years ago. The ruins of this mysterious shrine, consisting of huge, gray stones, with a blackened grayish appearance, in the form of a circle, standing erect or lying prostrate on the barren, desolate, uninhabited, Salisbury plain, seemed to them venerable relics of an unknown form of worship established in the remote past.

Returning from Stonehenge, they passed through the quaint old town of Amesbury, the prototype of its younger namesake in Essex county, Massachusetts, visiting the ancient parish church and the picturesque market place, on the way to Salisbury, where they were detained two

or three days, making preparations for their homeward voyage.

September 24, 1897, they sailed on the steamship *Augusta Victoria* from Southampton for Cherbourg, France, and thence, in the same vessel, for New York, where they arrived on the first day of October following.

Although Mrs. Currier thoroughly enjoyed European travel and never ceased to speak in glowing terms of the places she had visited and the sights she had seen, it was, nevertheless, a pleasure for her to take up again, in her own home, the cares and duties of domestic life. House-keeping, sewing, reading, visiting the sick and the poor, receiving guests, attending social functions, superintending the collection of funds in aid of the Anna Jaques Hospital or teaching in the Sunday school of St. Paul's Church occupied her time so completely that only a few hours, now and then, could be devoted to rest and recreation.

She was fond of simple games, but rarely attempted to play chess, saying it was too intricate and perplexing to be a pastime. Dominoes, backgammon and cribbage frequently entertained her for an idle half-hour, and during the last years of her life she became an enthusiastic whist player, devoting one afternoon a week, during the winter months, to the pleasure and excitement of that fascinating game.

Although inheriting considerable musical ability, she depended upon others to interpret for her the songs and sonatas of the great composers, and only attempted, in the privacy of her own home, to play or sing familiar tunes

and simple ballads for her own amusement or the entertainment of her friends. Vocal, as well as instrumental, music, was always attractive to her, but not an absorbing passion, and she never acquired a thorough knowledge of the art.

She was not a writer of books, but loved to read and re-read for the twentieth time, perhaps, historical works and biographical sketches that interested her. Quick to comprehend the thought expressed, she seemed to catch at a glance all that was of value in a book, and turned the leaves rapidly until it was finished and laid aside for the time being. Among novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Margaret Deland and Sarah Orne Jewett were her favorite authors, but biographies of famous men and women and the best magazines and reviews of the day were to her a constant source of pleasure and delight. With a retentive memory, she was able to repeat, without effort apparently, long poems that pleased her fancy, and often described, with wonderful accuracy, the humorous scenes and incidents that attracted her attention in the books she had read.

When not otherwise occupied, her hands were busy sewing or mending. She was never idle, and exercised her skill in making over a spring hat for autumn wear or reconstructing and adapting an old gown to new uses. Embroidery also interested her and claimed much of her time and attention. Many beautiful specimens of her needle-work were sent, at Christmas time, to appreciative friends, or, in the shape of tidies, table covers or window curtains, used for the protection of household furniture or the decoration of the house in which she lived and other dainty articles.

An interesting letter writer, she enjoyed receiving and answering letters, and found time, in spite of other engagements, to maintain a lengthy correspondence with friends that she had known and loved for many years, but her writing desk was usually in disorder, for she had the habit of keeping old letters, bills, receipts and memoranda of various kinds in one huge pile, to be sorted out and arranged systematically on some leisure day that never came.

Optimistic in temperament, she saw the bright side of things and was cheerful under the most discouraging circumstances. When grief and sorrow came she could not avoid a feeling of sadness and at times gave expression to melancholy forebodings and depressing thoughts, but generally looked forward, hopefully, to happier days and the enjoyment of an unclouded future.

With strong likes and dislikes, she maintained a kindly interest in persons for whom she had but little sympathy, and was always courteous to those whose views and opinions were unacceptable or perhaps obnoxious to her. The distinguishing traits of her character were not rare when considered singly, but, in the opinion of many of her friends, the combination of them in the same person was unusual and gave life and vigor to a wonderfully unique personality.

Kind, affectionate and sympathetic she made friends easily and enjoyed meeting and talking with them about ordinary affairs or the serious problems of domestic life. Her conversation, bright, sparkling and suggestive, was interspersed with interesting anecdotes gathered from the books she had read or incidents connected with places she had visited.

She loved the common wild flowers and came home from a long ride or walk with great bunches of clover, buttercups and dandelions for the decoration of her dining-room table, and every summer found time to gather and enjoy big bouquets of wild roses, columbines, cardinal flowers, blue gentians and yellow goldenrod that grew in the woods and fields she frequented.

Accustomed in early life, as well as later, to attend church services regularly she attached but little importance to the strict observance of Sunday and was extremely liberal in her interpretation of the dogmas and doctrines of the orthodox faith, and yet was religiously and devoutly disposed, reading every night, in her chamber, before retiring, a scriptural lesson or penitential hymn, from the Book of Common Prayer or The Golden Treasury for the Children of God, that seemed to give her spiritual strength and vigor and turn her thoughts to holy things.

With her the joy of living was a constant delight, and she was never quite reconciled to the idea of leaving her home on earth for a happier one in Paradise, but when the summons for her departure came she was not unprepared, for her faith in God was clear and strong and her hope of immortality undimmed by doubt or fear.

Her step was elastic and her mind active, though it lost something of its brightness during the last years of her life. In September, 1908, she had a severe attack of acute indigestion, from which she recovered slowly, but during the following summer was able to attend to her household duties as usual, occasionally taking a long drive into the country or to the seashore when opportunity offered.

A month or two later, her physician found a slight defect in the action of her heart, and advised her to limit her diet to easily-digested food and avoid vigorous or violent exercise as much as possible. During the cool and invigorating weather of autumn she was comparatively comfortable and looked forward to a pleasant family gathering at Christmas, but taking a severe cold, a few days previously, she found herself unequal to the exertion, and was confined to her chamber, under the care of a trained nurse, until Sunday, the ninth of January, when the sudden rupture of a blood vessel near the brain rendered her unconscious. In this condition she remained until her death, January 11, 1910.

She was much touched by the kind attentions of relatives and friends and the many expressions of sympathy that came to her in her last illness, and insisted on thanking, by word of mouth or by a brief note, all who sent her fruit or flowers. When too feeble to write or talk, her nurse was instructed to attend to this duty for her.

During a long and uneventful life, little happened to her, at home or abroad, that might not have happened to any one of her friends, and nothing that she said or did makes the writing or the publication of this sketch necessary ; but those who knew her well and loved her will appreciate even an inadequate tribute of affection to her memory.

The following extracts from letters written by sympathizing friends at the time of her decease justify to some extent the laudatory view of the life and character presented in the preceding pages.

My memory of your dear wife extends back to childhood, and during the long years that have passed since then I have no recollection of her that is not delightful; she was so bright, so witty, so kind, so gracious, so full of the charm that comes from a thoroughly wholesome nature. . .

These partings sadden our lives, and become more frequent as we grow older, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that her life was a happy one and that you and her other friends were spared the pain of seeing her suffer at the last, for her death must have been painless.

I cannot think of her without feeling thankful that we have enjoyed her love for so many years and have been cheered by her helpful life and character. Her devotion to my dear mother strengthened my love for her, and I shall always associate one with the other in my heart of hearts.

I remember the many cheerful and pleasant talks I have had with her in childhood and in recent years, and also the dear people and places with which her dear memory is associated.

When my mother went with my brother Page to Europe, cousin Sue had charge of us, three small children, in Roxbury, and before that she was very often at our house and gave me my first lessons in French, I remember. . .

When we were older, we boys often went to Newburyport and rambled over and about the old town. I remember with pleasure the shipyard; the great vessels on the stocks, the busy ship carpenters, and the intelligent sea-captains that I occasionally met. . .

But it is with our old home in Roxbury and my dear father and mother that I most associate cousin Sue. The old life there is so distant, but so vivid to me, that the present often seems an unreal distortion of it. The values were so fixed to us boys and the world so settled.

Much has gone with those who have left us and we have learned that change is inevitable; that beyond the horizon, where our loved ones have gone, must be the real life of the universe. A child's view of the world is a forecast of that eternal country where there is no parting and no sorrow.

Though far away I share in your sorrow, and though the time seems long since I was with you I look upon your house as one of the places I can call home. How much Mrs. Currier did to make it so you know full well. . . I have so many remembrances of her, and all so sweet and gracious, I count it a blessed privilege to have known her and feel that my life is richer and stronger for that sweet "faith in womanhood" which she inspired. May every consolation be yours and strength sufficient for your every need.

When I was a little girl I loved her and lived to love her more and more. . . I had not seen her for a good many years, but I felt always that next year I should find the happy day when I could be with her, or near her, at Newburyport. . . It was a blessing to be taken away before the weariness or suffering of illness had become a heavy burden. She had been sick a long time, but was always hopeful, and to me always young, looking cheerfully to the gradual restoration of her health. . . You must take great comfort in the knowledge that you added a full measure of happiness to her life. I do not believe you can realize what a blessing you and your brother David were to her. She loved you with a fond love as her own children and your mother's too. . . I am white-haired now, but have no realization of my own age, and you must love me, and my sister Marianna, always for the sake of the love we had for your mother and your dear aunt Sue.

There never was a stronger or warmer tie than the one that bound dear cousin Sue to our family and we always

felt sure of her love and affection. I am glad you have her name. It has been dear to us in many ways for four generations and is forever associated with those we have known and loved.

Count me as a sincere sympathizer with you in your sorrow. Mrs. Currier was one of the most beautiful souls I ever knew. Our associations and memories, in common, reaching many years into the past, were the source of great enjoyment to me in Newburyport. Every thought of her gives me pleasure. Believe me, dear friend, she is not dead to those who knew her well.

In my early childhood I was so much with cousin Sue that she seemed like a young step-mother to me. I wish my children could have known her as I know her, and have loved her as I loved her.

I am thankful that I was able to be at your house last summer for several months. Sue and I were near to each other long before, but every year brought us closer together, and now I have so much to remember; her lovely spirit, her sweet sunshiny nature, her heart so full of love, and her bright ways that kept as cheerful in the midst of anxiety. I often said to her, "You have been faithful in every relation of life, thoughtful for others and forgetful of self." We mourn her loss, but remember her with affection, and give thanks for the priceless legacy she has left to us all.

Similar expressions of love and sympathy from other relatives and friends of Mrs. Currier might be added to the extracts printed above, but they are not needed to strengthen or corroborate the brief story of her life and character.

Faithful, loving, loyal, steadfast in the faith and fruitful in good works, the poor and needy sought her aid and found in her a sympathizing friend.

She put on righteousness and it clothed her and sound judgment was her daily crown.

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS

GENEALOGICAL RECORD.

Robert Page, son of Robert and Margaret Page of Ormsby, County of Norfolk, England, was born in 1604. When, with his wife Lucy, he was examined, April 11, 1637, and granted permission to go to New England, with their three children, Francis, Margaret and Susanna, and two servants, William Moulton, aged twenty and Anne Wadd, aged fifteen, he was thirty-three and his wife thirty years old. He lived first in Salem, Mass., and probably remained there until 1639, when his wife was admitted to membership in the church in that town. Removing to Hampton, N. H., that year, he was granted ten acres of land on Meeting-house green, between the house lots of William Marston and Robert Marston. For nearly three centuries this land has remained in the possession of his descendants. He was made a freeman of the colony of Massachusetts Bay May 18, 1642, and for six years was one of the selectmen of the town of Hampton and a deacon in the church there from 1660 to the day of his death. In May, 1657, and April, 1668, he was a deputy to the General Court and served on several important committees. His wife died November 12, 1665, at the age of fifty-eight; and he died September 22, 1679, aged seventy-five years. He left an estate valued at five hundred and seventy-nine pounds and four shillings,—an amount far in excess of the property in the possession of his friends and neighbors at that date.

The will of Deacon Page, dated Sept. 9 and proved Nov. 29, 1679, is long and interesting. The original doc-

ument is on file in the probate office at Salem, Mass., and is recorded in the old Norfolk Deeds, at Salem, volume III, page 26, and printed in the New Hampshire State Papers, volume XXXI, page 236.

Children :—

MARGARET, born in England about 1629; married, first, William Moulton of Hampton; and, second, John Sanborn August 2, 1671; died July 13, 1699.

FRANCIS, born in England about 1633; married Meribah Smith; died November 15, 1706.

REBECCA, born about 163—; married Capt. William Marston October 15, 1652; died May 27, 1673.

SUSANNA. She is not mentioned in her father's will.

THOMAS, born in Salem, Mass., in 1639; married Mary Hussey; died September 5, 1686.

HANNAH, born in 1641; married Capt. Henry Dow June 17, 1659; died August 6, 1704.

MARY, born about 1644; married Samuel Fogg December 28, 1665; died March 8, 1700.

Thomas Page, son of Robert and Lucy Page, born in Salem, Mass., in 1639; married, in Hampton, N. H., February 2, 1664, Mary, daughter of Capt. Christopher Hussey, and lived on the homestead with his father. He died September 8, 1686. She was baptized in Newbury, Mass., April 2, 1638; and married, secondly, Hon. Henry Green March 10, 1691; and, thirdly, Capt. Henry Dow. She died January 21, 1733.

Children :—

MARY, born March 21, 1665; married Samuel Robie; died September 5, 1750.

ROBERT, born July 17, 1667; died July 25, 1686.

CHRISTOPHER, born September 20, 1670; married Abigail Tilton November 14, 1689; died February 4, 1751.

JOHN, born November 15, 1672; lived at Nantucket and Cape May.

THEODATE, born July 8, 1675; died August 14, 1676.

STEPHEN, born Aug. 14, 1677; married Mary Rawlings January 3, 1701; died in February, 1714.

BETHIA, born May 28, 1679; married John Swett.

Christopher Page, son of Thomas and Mary (Hussey) Page, born in Hampton, N. H., September 20, 1670; married, November 14, 1689, Abigail, daughter of Daniel and Mehitable (Sanborn) Tilton. She was born in Hampton October 28, 1670. Mr. Page died February 4, 1751, at the age of eighty; and she died October 4, 1759, aged eighty-eight. They lived in the house formerly owned by his grandfather, Robert Page.

Children:—

ROBERT, died September 8, 1690; died July 20, 1706.

ABIGAIL, born February 1, 1693; married William Moulton December 23, 1715; died January 22, 1776.

MARY, born December 13, 1695; married Samuel Dow September 12, 1717; died March 10, 1760.

LYDIA, born August 3, 1698; married John Towle November 15, 1721; died May 22, 1772.

JONATHAN, born December 25, 1700; married Mary Towle June 4, 1724; died in 1770.

DAVID, born November 1, 1703; married, first, Ruth Dearborn June 27, 1728; and, second, Ruth Smith April 5, 1742; died June 9, 1785.

SHUBAEL, born February 15, 1707; married Hannah Dow January 21, 1731; died May 16, 1791.

JEREMIAH, born March 28, 1708; married Elizabeth Drake December 17, 1730; died September 18, 1786.

TABITHA, born August 21, 1711; married Caleb Marston October 5, 1740; died May 30, 1792.

David Page, son of Christopher and Abigail (Tilton) Page, born in Hampton, N. H., November 1, 1703; married, first, June 27, 1728, Ruth, daughter of Dea. John and Abigail (Batchelder) Dearborn; and, second, April 5, 1742, Ruth, daughter of Capt. John Smith. He settled near his brother Jonathan on the Thomas Moore place, and afterward removed to Epping, N. H. He and his oldest son signed the first petition for the incorporation of that town in 1747.

Children:—

JOHN, born July 17, 1729.

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